

HERE AND NOW.

Here in the heart of this world,
Here in the noise and the din,
Here where our spirits were buried
To battle with sorrow and sin.
This is the place and the spot
For knowledge of infinite things.
This is the kingdom where thoughts
Can conquer the powers of kings.

Wait for no heavenly life,
Seek for no temple above,
Here in the midst of the strife
Know what the angels have known.
See what the Perfect One saw,
God in the depths of each soul,
God as the light and the law,
God as beginning and goal.

Earth is one chamber of heaven,
Death is no grander than birth,
Joy in the life that is given,
Strive for perfection on earth.
Here in the turmoil and roar,
Show what it is to be calm;
Show how the spirit can soar
And bring back its healing and balm.

Stand not aloof or apart,
Plunge in the thick of the fight,
There in the street and the mart,
That is the place to do right.
Not in some cloister or cave,
Not in some kingdom above,
Here on this side of the grave,
Here where we labor and love.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox in Youth's Companion.

THE OLD HALL.

There had been a christening that afternoon, and now it was toward evening. The parents of the child sat with their guests in a spacious hall—among them the grandmother of the child's father. The others were all near relatives, young and old, but the grandmother was a generation older than the oldest. The babe had been christened Barbara after her. But she had also received a finer name, for Barbara alone sounded altogether too old-fashioned for the pretty little thing. Nevertheless she was to be called by this name. So both parents decreed, in spite of all the objections which their friends brought against it. But the old grandmother never suspected that the utility of her long cherished name had been brought into question.

The clergyman, after discharging his office to the family circle had gone his way a short time before, and now all the dearly loved and oft repeated stories were brought forth and retold, though not by any means for the last time. First of all the delightful and merry stories of childhood were told. When no one else knew them, the grandmother could repeat them. Her own childish days lay so many years in the past that any one who could have told of them, save herself, must indeed have far exceeded the age allotted to man. Amid such conversation the twilight had come on. The hall fronted the west, and a red light streamed through the window upon the plaster roses of the stucco work which adorned the wall. Then it too faded. From the distance a dull, monotonous murmur made itself audible in the stillness. Some of the guests listened.

"That is the sea," said the young wife.

"Yes," said the grandmother, "I have heard it often. It has been so these many years."

Then no one spoke again. In the stone court outside before the window stood a tall linden, and one could hear the sparrows settling in their nests among the branches. The host had taken the hand of his wife, who sat by his side, and his eyes were directed toward the intricate antique stucco ceiling.

"What are you thinking of?" asked the grandmother.

"The ceiling is cracked," he said. "The cornice is settling too. The hall is getting old. We must rebuild it."

"The hall is not so very old," answered she. "I remember well when it was built."

"Built? What was here formerly?"

"Formerly?" repeated the grandmother. Then she was silent for awhile, and sat there like a lifeless statue. Her glance was turned toward the past, her thoughts were with the shadows of things whose substance was no more.

Then she said: "It is 80 years ago. Your grandfather and I used often to talk about it. The hall door did not lead at that time into a wing of the house, but out of the house into a small flower garden. It is no longer the same, however. The old one had glass panes, and one could look through them down into the garden as one came in at the front door. The garden lay three steps down. The steps were provided on both sides with gay Chinese balustrades. Between the beds, with their low borders of box, ran a broad walk strewn with white shells, leading to a linden arbor in front of which from two cherry trees hung a swing. On both sides of the arbor were arched trellises carefully trained against the high garden walls. Here in summer at the noon hour your great-grandfather could be seen regularly walking up and down trimming French cypresses and Dutch tulips in the beds or twining them with hemps to little white sticks. He was an exact and careful man, and his black eyebrows with his white powdered hair gave him a very distinguished appearance."

"Well, it was an August afternoon when your grandfather came down the little garden steps. But at that time he was far from being your grandfather. I can see him now with my old eyes, as with light tread he went up to your great-grandfather. Then he took a letter out of a neat embroidered pocketbook and handed it with a graceful bow. He was a young man with gentle, kindly eyes and the black bag wig set off well his glowing cheeks and pearl gray cloth coat. When your great-grandfather had read the letter, he nodded and shook the young man by the hand. He must have been well disposed toward him, for he seldom did that. Then he was called into the house and your grandfather walked down the garden."

"In the swing in front of the arbor sat an 8-year-old girl. She had a picture book in her lap, in which she was reading industriously. The bright golden curls hung down over her forehead, and she was looking down over the hot little face on which the scorching sun was shining."

"What is your name?" asked the young man.

"She shook her hair back and said, 'Barbara.'"

"Take care, Barbara. Your curls will melt in the sun."

"The little one passed her hand over the hot hair. The young man smiled, and it was a very gentle smile. 'There is no need to be afraid,' he said. 'Come, let us have a swing.'"

"She jumped up. 'Wait, I must first put up my book.' Then she laid it in the arbor. When she returned, he wanted to lift her in. 'No,' she said, 'I can get in alone.' Then she seated herself on the narrow swingboard and cried, 'Go on!' and your grandfather pushed the swing until his eye danced now to the right, now to the left, across his shoulders. The swing with the little maid went up and down in the sunshine, the bright curls blew free from her temples, and yet it never went high enough for her. But when the swing flew among the rustling linden boughs, the birds flew out of the trolle on both sides,

as that the overripe apricots plumped down upon the ground.

"What was that?" he said, stopping the swing.

"She laughed that he should have asked such a thing. 'That was the thrush,' she said. 'He is not usually so much afraid.'"

"He lifted her out of the swing, and she went to the trellis. There lay the dark yellow fruit amid the foliage.

"Your thrush has given you a treat," he said.

"She shook her head and laid a beautiful apricot in his hand. 'You—' she said softly.

"Now your great-grandfather came back to the garden again. 'Take care,' said he. 'You will not easily get rid of her.' Then he spoke of business matters, and both went into the house."

"In the evening little Barbara was allowed to sit at table with them. The kind young man had asked for her. Things were not quite as she could have wished. The guest sat at the head beside her father, but she was only a little girl as yet and had to sit down at the foot next the youngest clerk, and that is why she finished her supper so soon. Then she rose and stole to her father's chair, but he was talking so earnestly with the young man over premiums and discounts that the latter had no eyes for the little Barbara. Yes, yes, it is 80 years ago. But the old grandmother remembers well how impatient little Barbara grew at that and was not to be propitiated by her good father. The clock struck 10, and now she had to say good night. When she came to your grandfather, he asked her, 'Shall we swing again tomorrow?' and Barbara was quite happy once more. 'He makes a fool of himself over children,' said your great-grandfather, but in reality he was himself unreasonably fond of his little girl.

"The next day toward evening the young man went away.

"Then eight years passed. In the winter time little Barbara would often stand by the glass door and breathe on the frosted panes. Then she would look out through the peepholes down into the snowy garden and think of the beautiful summer time, of the dancing leaves and warm sunshine, and the thrush which always made its nest in the apple tree, and how once the ripe apricots were shaken down upon the ground, and then of one particular summer day of which she always thought when she thought of summer at all. So the years went by. Little Barbara was now twice as old—in fact, she was no longer little Barbara—but that one summer day was always a bright spot in her memory. Then at last he came again."

"Who?" asked her grandson, smiling.

"Your grandfather," said the grandmother. "He was a veritable summer day."

"And then?"

"Then there was a betrothal, and little Barbara became your grandmother who now sits among you telling old tales. But it had not yet gone quite so far as that. First there was a wedding, and then your great-grandfather had this hall built. With the garden and the flowers all was now indeed over. But he had no longer need of the hall, and he who thrust his nose into politics was called by us a 'state tinker,' and if he were a shoemaker we gave his neighbor our boots to mend. The servant maids were all named Trine and Stine, and every one wore a dress which suited his position. Now you even wear mustaches, like young squires or cavaliers. What would you have, pray? Do you all want to rule too?"

"Yes, grandmother," said the host.

"And the nobility and the high gentry who are born for that, what is to become of them?"

"Oh, nobility," said the young mother, looking up into her husband's face with proud, loving eyes.

He smiled and said: "Abolished, grandmother, or we shall all be barons, all German, man and mouse. I see no other alternative."

The grandmother made no response to this. She only said: "At my wedding there was no talk about state history. The conversation went on its even gait, and we were just as happy as you in your new fangled companies. At table amusing riddles were propounded and doggerels composed. At dessert we sang, 'Your health, my good neighbor, till empty the glass,' and all the other pretty songs that are now forgotten. Your grandfather's clear tenor voice was always to be distinguished. People were more polite to each other in those times. Disputing and clamor were almost very uncommon in a dining room. Now everything has come to be different, but your grandfather was a gentle, peaceable man. It is long since he left this house. He went on before me. It is time that I followed him."

The grandmother was silent a moment. No one spoke—only she felt her hands seized. Every one wanted to hold them. A peaceful smile flitted over the dear old face. Then she looked up to her grandson and said: "Here in his hall stood also his coffin. You were at that time only 7 years old and stood by the coffin weeping. Your father was an austere, undemonstrative man. 'Don't cry, little one!' he said, and lifted you upon his arm. 'See, this is the way an honest man looks when he is dead,' and then he secretly brushed away the tears from his own face. He had always a great veneration for your grandfather. Now they are all passed over, and today I have no need of a grandmother to my great-grandchild, and you have given her the name of your old grandmother. May the good God suffer her to arrive as happily and peacefully at my age!"

The young mother fell upon her knees before the grandmother and kissed her soft hands.

The grandson said: "Grandmother, we will tear down the old hall entirely and lay out a flower garden again. Little Barbara is here, too, once more. The ladies say she is your exact image. She shall sit again in the swing, and the sun shall shine upon the golden, childish curls. Perhaps, then, some summer afternoon the grandfather too, will come again down the little Chinese stair. Perhaps?"

The grandmother smiled. "You are a dreamer," said she. "Your grandfather was one too."—From the German For Short Stories.

Happiness.

Happiness is a sunbeam which may pass through a thousand bosoms without losing a particle of its original ray—nay, when it strikes on a kindred heart, like the converged light on a mirror, it reflects itself with redoubled brightness. It is not perfected until it is shared.—Jane Porter.

FAMOUS TIMEPIECES.

CLOCKS OF STRANGE MECHANISM AND CONSTRUCTION.

Many Curious Time Measurers—Genuine Mechanisms Have Done Some Wonderful Work—There Are Seven Millions of Clocks in the United States.

While there are 7,000,000 clocks in the United States and probably ten times that number in the world, there are some clocks which, because of their peculiar working, attract much attention. The first complete clock known was made in the thirteenth century by a Saracen mechanic. King Alfred in 887 measured time by wax tapers. The escapement was invented about the year 1000 by Gerbert. The first accurate clock was set up at Hampton Court in 1540, marked by its maker "N. O." The first astronomical clock was made about 1500. These early clocks were first illuminated, so that the hour could be read at night, in 1826, and the first of this kind was placed in St. Bride's, London, in that year. Clocks were first synchronized by Messrs. Barraud & Lund so that they could be regulated by an electric wire from a standard clock, and in November, 1878, they put into operation in London an electric circuit of 108 clocks.

The first clock regulated by a pendulum was made in 1656 by the son of Galileo. Richard Harrison placed a clock of this kind in St. Paul's in 1641, and Christian Huygens made good ones previous to 1658. The first clock to strike the hour was placed in Westminster in 1688.

A curious timepiece was the one John Harrison of Foulby, England, made in 1715. Harrison was an early expert, and won a reward of \$100,000 offered by the board of longitude for a method of determining the longitude at sea. This clock was not like the others, for it was made with the sole intention of being a curiosity. Every part of it was of wood, with the exception of the escapement, which he found could not be made to work if constructed of metal. It, however, was a success, for, although made nearly two centuries ago, it was running in 1871 at the patent museum at South Kensington. It struck the hours and indicated the day of the month and was an eight day clock.

A strange clock left by Faraday is not only a curiosity, but it is also admired as a work of art, and it, moreover, kept good time, although the mechanism required is necessarily complicated. It is in shape like a fan, and the time is shown by blades opening progressively, which, when all are spread, close at the twelfth hour. The time covered is from 6 to 6, 13 blades being necessary to show the 12 hours. The hour is denoted by the number of blades that are exposed.

At 6 o'clock the fan is entirely closed. As time progresses the first blade moves slowly upward, uncovering the next, until at 7 o'clock the second blade is entirely visible, and so on until 6 o'clock is again reached, when a spring and lever attachment returns the fan to the original position. The movement is bulky, but is hidden behind a red plush cushion. The enamel painting on the fan is wonderfully fine.

Mr. Plancon devised an amusing clock which attracted considerable attention at the Amsterdam exposition. It consisted of a tin or metal plate, which would hold water, with the hours marked about the rim. When filled with liquid, a small metal turtle floating in the center regularly pointed to the hours. The explanation is that a magnetized disk traveled about the circle under the water, and the turtle, with its small needle concealed beneath its body, was attracted steadily by the disk and followed it about.

Among the remarkable clocks are those which run at an unusually long time. Herr Noll, a mechanic of Berling, Germany, constructed a clock warranted to run 9,000 years without winding. It is said, Mr. D. L. Goff, in this country, has in his hall an old fashioned clock which, so long as the house is occupied, never runs down. Whenever the front door is opened or closed, the winding arrangement connected by gears with the clock is given a turn, so that every person entering the house adds in keeping it going.

Mr. T. G. Farron of Fresno, Cal., invented a clock the only motive power of which, he alleges, is the gravitation of the earth, and it requires no winding. This clock consists of a plate glass dial suspended from the ceiling, and all the parts of it visible are the two hands, the pivot on which they swing and the dial. In 1840 Mr. J. Smith of Leeds, England, made a clock the sole motor of which was electricity. He lived to see this clock go for 50 years. There is a clock in the Church of St. Quentin, Mayence, which is said to have stopped only once during a period of 500 years.

Clocks are now constructed to run five years with one winding up. In 1881 the Belgian government placed one of these in a railway station and sealed it with the government seal. It is said to have kept admirable time, having been only twice wound—in 1886 and 1891.

There is a certain clock which has a single hand, and it was never intended that it should have the regular complement. It is an old one standing in the courtyard of the palace at Versailles and it is called L'Horloge de la Mort du Roi. It contains no works, but consists merely of a face in the form of a sun surrounded by rays. On the death of a king the hand was set to the moment of his demise and remained unaltered till his successor had joined him in the grave. The custom originated under Louis XIII and continued until the revolution. It was revived on the death of Louis XVII, and the hand continues to this day fixed on the precise moment of that monarch's death.

A mechanic of Geneva in the last century constructed a truly remarkable clock. It had figures of a negro, a dog and a shepherd. When the clock struck, the shepherd played six airs on his flute and the dog approached and fawned upon him. When exhibited to the king of Spain by its maker, Dros, the king, at his request, took an apple from the shepherd's basket. The dog barked and started the king's dog barking also.—New York Journal.

They Respected Thomas.

In his reminiscences of the late Ambrose Thomas, M. Jules Simon tells an interesting story. After the war of 1870 M. Thomas returned to his villa expecting to find everything topsy turvy, as it had been occupied by Prussian soldiers, instead of which everything was intact, and on the hall table was a card bearing the name of the officer and underneath the words, "nephew of Meyerbeer."

She Had.

Her father—Has my daughter given you any encouragement, sir?

Her mother—Well, she said you were always a very generous parent.—Philadelphia American.

HIDE AND SEEK AT SEA.

Torpedo Boat Practice With Uncle Sam's Great White Cruiser.

Mr. Ernest Ingersoll describes "The Tricks of Torpedo Boats" in St. Nicholas. After telling what the boats are like and what they can accomplish Mr. Ingersoll says: "But to insure all these fine results both officers and men must be taught how to manage and maneuver them to best advantage, as well as how to discharge the torpedoes they carry. Constant drilling is necessary, and lately one of these boats in our navy, the Cushing (so suitably named after the young hero of the civil war who destroyed the rebel ram Albemarle by means of a torpedo boat, one of the first actually used), has been attached to the naval station at Newport, R. I., in order to carry on this practice. One set of officers and men after another is instructed in handling her and in the making and firing of her torpedoes, and they have plenty of fun along with the schooling."

"The headquarters of this work is Goat Island, which separates Newport harbor from the outer waters of Narragansett bay. There is a searchlight which commands the harbor entrances and a wide circle of the bay. One or more warships are always there. These searchlights also can be swung in any direction. Yet the Cushing arrived one night and first announced herself by suddenly blowing her whistle with a pistol shot of the inner wharf of the island—and it was not a dark night either. A few afternoons later she went down the bay and challenged every eye to be alert to see her return in the evening. It was bright moonlight—a time in which no such boat would attempt a serious attack—yet Lieutenant Fletcher, the Cushing's commander, crept within a third of a mile of the shore before he was detected. It would have pleased you to see her that night as she came plainly into view—a long, low streak gliding silently and swiftly athwart the moonlit sea, rolling a silver furrow back from her prowlike bow and seeming more like some great fish with its black fins out of water than any sort of steamship."

But it is on dark and stormy nights that the practice becomes exciting. Groups of officers stand upon the ramparts of Fort Wolcott or upon the bridge of each monitor or cruiser and strain eyes and ears to obtain some inkling of the torpedo boat's presence, the long white beam of the electric searchlight sweeping right and left, up and down, and every man gazing along the path it illuminates for some glimpse of the little enemy. A swing of the beam southward brings out the grim walls and numerous cannon of Fort Adams, and the anchor inside of Breton's point. The Cushing, the Dumplings, the faraway shores of Conanicut island, Rose island and its ruined old fortifications, the upper bay dotted with lazy sloops and schooners slipping down with the tide, are revealed one after another, as the powerful rays are turned slowly westward and northward until at last they are shining again on the Naval War College and Training school and on the clustered shipping and wharves of the picturesque old town.

PASSING OF THE PIANO.

Flat Life Has Relieved It to the Rear, and the Typewriter Succeeds.

You can rent a piano now in New York cheaper than you can rent a typewriter. Either there is a greater surplus of pianos than usual or there is a marked falling off in the demand. Maybe it is both. You can get a piano as low as \$2 a month. A very good instrument can be had for \$3. And these prices can be applied on the purchase of a new one. A typewriter—second-hand at that—will cost you \$5 a month.

Is there any significance in this? Have women begun to give up the piano for the typewriter? The latter can be bought new for from \$55 to \$125, while the piano comes at from \$200 to \$1,000. On the basis of the typewriter the piano ought to rent for at least \$25 a month. On the basis of the piano the typewriter ought to rent for 50 cents a month.

The piano has unquestionably met with severe setbacks recently. Not only has the typewriter opened a more useful field for young women than was before offered by the piano, and consequently withdrawn many of the sex from the career ornament. It has been supplemented by the increasing mania for out door sports. Instead of sitting down and twisting a piano stool, as was the custom of her sisterhood of a generation or so ago, the modern young woman mounts her wheel and takes a spin in the park and the risk of arrest for scorching on the Boulevard. Flat life is death to the piano. The limited space forbids a musical instrument that encroaches so materially on the necessities of the family and which makes as much noise as a brass band. Besides the courts have interdicted the piano in flat life. It has been legally decided a nuisance. Complaint anywhere is immediately followed by suppression.

The piano is for roomier homes and for a life dissociated with the scramble for daily bread and butter.—New York Herald.

Sick Headache Permanently Cured

"I was troubled, a long time, with sick headache. It was usually accompanied with severe pains in the temples and sickness at the stomach. I tried a good many remedies recommended for this complaint; but it was not until I began taking



AYER'S Cathartic Pills. A single box of these pills did the work for me, and I am now a well man."

C. H. HUTCHINGS, East Auburn, Me.

For the rapid cure of Constipation, Dyspepsia, Bilioussness, Nausea, and all disorders of Stomach, Liver, and Bowels, take

AYER'S Cathartic Pills.
Medal and Diploma at World's Fair.
Ask your druggist for Ayer's Cathartic Pills.

Electric Bitters.

Electric Bitters is a medicine suited for any season, but perhaps more generally needed when the languid, exhausted feeling prevails; when the liver is torpid and sluggish and the need of a tonic and alterative is felt. A prompt use of this medicine has often averted long and perhaps fatal illnesses. No medicine will act more surely in counteracting and freeing the system from malarial poison, Headache, Indigestion, Constipation, Dizziness, yield to Electric Bitters. 50c and \$1.00 per bottle at Longwell Bros' drug store.

CONSUMPTION AND ITS CURE.

TO THE EDITOR:—I have an absolute remedy for Consumption. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have already been permanently cured. So proof-positive am I of its power that I consider it my duty to send two bottles free to those of your readers who have Consumption, Throat, Bronchial or Lung Trouble, if they will write me their express and postoffice address. Sincerely,
T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 183 Pearl St., New York.

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Manhattan Novelty Co., 648 Broadway, New York.

LEGAL NOTICES.

MORTGAGE SALE.—Whereas default has been made in the payment of the mortgage secured by the mortgage dated the 27th day of July, A. D. 1896, executed by Alvin C. Headley, husband and joint tenant with wife, of Van Buren County, Michigan, to Trustees of Mountain Home Cemetery which mortgage was recorded in the office of the register of deeds of the county of Van Buren, in book 43 of mortgages, at pages 488 and 489, on the 10th day of August, A. D. 1896, at one o'clock p.m., which said mortgage provided that in default made in the payment of interest or any part thereof, when due, and should the same remain unpaid and in arrears for the space of thirty days, then the principal sum remaining unpaid, with all arrearage of interest, should at the option of the mortgagee be payable in cash, or the mortgagee might, at its option, foreclose said mortgage, and the interest thereon, and the principal sum remaining unpaid, and more than thirty days having elapsed since said interest was due, and the undersigned mortgagee having exercised its option to have the whole principal sum and all arrearage of interest fall due immediately, whereby said mortgage claims to be due thereon at this date, the sum of eleven hundred and ninety-six and one-half dollars (\$1,196.50) principal and interest, and the further sum of twenty-five (\$25.00) cents, as an attorney fee stipulated for in said mortgage, and which is the whole amount claimed to be due and unpaid on said mortgage, and no suit or proceeding at law or in equity having been instituted to recover the debt now remaining secured by said mortgage or any part thereof, whereby the power of sale contained in said mortgage has become operative.

Now, therefore, notice is hereby given, that by virtue of the power of sale in said mortgage contained, and in pursuance of the statute in such case made and provided, the said mortgage will be foreclosed by a sale of the premises therein described, at public auction to the highest bidder, at the north front door of the court house, in the village of Paw Paw, Van Buren County, Michigan, on the 18th day of January, A. D. 1897, at nine o'clock in the forenoon of said day, which said premises are described in said mortgages as follows: as follows, to-wit: The north fractional half of the north-east quarter of section two in town four south of range fifteen west.

Dated, October 13th, 1896.
TRUSTEES OF MOUNTAIN HOME CEMETERY,
BUTEMAN & ADAMS,
Kalamazoo, Mich.,
Attorneys for Mortgagee.

ORDER FOR HEARING CLAIMS.

Notice is hereby given, that by an order of the Probate Court for the county of Van Buren, made on the 19th day of October, A. D. 1896, six months from that date were allowed for creditors to present their claims against the estate of Solomon Snell, late of said county, deceased, and all persons claiming to be creditors are required to present their claims to said probate court, at the probate office, in the village of Paw Paw, for examination and allowance, on or before the 19th day of April, next, and that such claims will be heard said court, on the 19th day of April, next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of each of those days.

Dated, Paw Paw, Oct. 13, 1896. 705674
BENJ. F. HECKERT, Judge of Probate.

MORTGAGE SALE.—Defendant having been made in the conditions of a certain mortgage made by John W. Acton and Amanda Acton, his wife, to John Shad, dated April 2nd, A. D. 1881, and recorded in the office of the register of deeds, for the county of Van Buren and state of Michigan, on the 13th day of April, 1881, in book 88 of mortgages, on page 2, and on which mortgage there is claimed to be due at the date of this notice the sum of one thousand four hundred and fifty-six dollars and fifty-four cents (\$1,456.54), and the costs of this proceeding to be added thereto, including an attorney fee of thirty dollars provided for in said mortgage, and no suit or proceeding at law or in equity having been instituted to recover the debt now remaining secured by said mortgage or any part thereof.

Now, therefore, notice is hereby given, that by virtue of the power of sale in said mortgage contained, and the statute in such case made and provided, the said mortgage will be foreclosed by a sale of the premises therein described, at public auction to the highest bidder, at the north front door of the court house, in the village of Paw Paw, (that being the place for holding the circuit court for the said County of Van Buren) sell at public vendue, to the highest bidder, the premises therein described in said mortgage, or so much thereof as may be necessary to pay the amount due on said mortgage, and the legal costs of this proceeding and sale, including the attorney fee aforesaid.

The premises to be sold are known and described as follows: The north half of the north-east quarter, (excepting about two acres on the west side thereof) of section number four (4) in township fourth south, range fifteen west, containing seventy-eight acres of land more or less.

Dated October 30th, 1896.

LINA C. BARNEY,
Mortgagee by Assignment.

DAVID ANDERSON, Attorney for Assignee.

LEGAL NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

Notice is hereby given, that by an order of the Probate Court of Franklin County, Ohio, given on the 22d day of October, 1896, I will offer for sale at public auction on Monday, the 7th day of December, 1896, at ten o'clock a.m., at the door of the court house of Van Buren County, in the state of Michigan, the following described real estate, situated in the said county of Van Buren and state of Michigan, and more particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Being lot numbered two (2) block numbered 30 in the village of South Haven, Van Buren County, Michigan.
Appraised at \$500.00. Terms of sale, cash.
Receiver of the estate of Alexander G. Patton.
Rankin & Hector, of Columbus, Ohio, Attorneys for Receiver.

LEGAL NOTICES.

JUDICIAL SALE.—In the matter of the estate of Blanch I. Harris, minor.
Notice is hereby given, that by virtue and authority of a license granted to me by the probate court for the county of Kent, state of Michigan, I will sell at public vendue, to the highest bidder, at the front door of the court house in the village of Paw Paw, Michigan, on the seventh day of November, eighteen hundred and ninety-six, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, all the right, title and interest of said minor, Blanch I. Harris, in and to the following described real estate, to-wit: The undivided one-half interest of the south half of lots one (1) and four (4), block number twenty-six (26), in the village of Paw Paw, Van Buren County, Michigan.

C. H. SHOWNES,
Guardian of said minor.

Dated, September 21st, 1896. 665702

CHANCERY SALE.—State of Michigan, the Circuit Court for the County of Van Buren, in Chancery. Libby Decker, Julia Wood, and Eugene Hooser, Complainants vs. Tullia Page, Hattie Page, Margaret Hubbard and Luther Hubbard, Defendants.

In pursuance and by virtue of a decretal order of the circuit court for the county of Van Buren in chancery made in the above cause, and dated October 8, A. D. 1896, notice is hereby given that there will be sold under the order of said court, at public vendue at the front door of the court house in the village of Paw Paw, Van Buren County, Michigan, on Friday, the fourth day of December, A. D. 1896, at 10 o'clock a. m., that certain piece or parcel of land, situate in the township of St. Ignace, county of Van Buren, Michigan, known and described as the north-east quarter of the south-east quarter of the north twenty-five (25), in township three (3), south of range thirteen (13) west, in said county, containing, October 16th, A. D. 1896.

ORAN W. ROWLAND,
Circuit Court Commissioner in and for Van Buren County.

Conditions of sale:—By the terms of said decretal order, any of the parties to said cause may become the purchaser or purchasers of the property above described, and the subscriber is at liberty to accept any of the parties to said cause, and to give credit for the balance upon such security as he may think proper and as may be approved by the Court. 701728

ORAN W. ROWLAND,
Circuit Court Commissioner in and for Van Buren County.

PROBATE ORDER FOR HEARING FINAL ACCOUNT.

State of Michigan, the Probate Court for the county of Van Buren, in said county, held at the probate office, in the village of Paw Paw, on Thursday, the 13th day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-six.

Present, Hon. Benjamin F. Heckert, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of Jacob Metz, deceased.
Eugene Gilbert, as administrator of said estate, comes into court and represents that he is now prepared to render his final account as such administrator and files the same.

Thereupon it is ordered, that Monday, the 16th day of November, next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for examining and allowing said account, and that the heirs of said estate, and all other persons interested in said estate, are required to appear at a session of said court, then to be held at the probate office, in the village of Paw Paw, in said county, and show cause, if any there be, why the said account should not be allowed. And it is further ordered, that said administrator give notice to the persons interested in said estate of the pendency of said account and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the True Northern Star, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county of Van Buren, for three successive weeks at least previous to said day of hearing.

BENJ. F. HECKERT, Judge of Probate.

PROBATE ORDER.

State of Michigan, the Probate Court for the county of Van Buren, in said county, held at the probate office, in the village of Paw Paw, on Monday the 12th day of October, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-six.

Present, Hon. Benjamin F. Heckert, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of Amos H. Palmer, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition duly verified, of C. F. Palmer, as widow of said deceased, praying for reasons therein stated that administration of said estate may be granted to P. T. Strotz or to some other suitable person.

Thereupon it is ordered, that Monday, the 9th day of November, 1896, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for the hearing of said petition, and all persons interested in said estate are required to appear at a session of said court, then to be held at the probate office, in the village of Paw Paw, in said county, and show cause, if any there be, why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted. And it is further ordered that said petitioner give notice to the persons interested in said estate of the pendency of said petition, and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the True Northern Star, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county, three successive weeks at least previous to said day of hearing.

BENJ. F. HECKERT, Judge of Probate.

ORDER FOR HEARING CLAIMS.

State of Michigan, the Probate Court for the county of Van Buren, in said county, held at the probate office, in the village of Paw Paw, on the 20th day of October, A. D. 1896, six months from that date were allowed for creditors to present their claims against the estate of Solomon Snell, late of said county, deceased, and